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OBE file

1/24/83

Dear Robert

I'm about as literate as a can of beans and so you'll read this letter at times with understanding and at other times find my writing (script & spelling) atrocious.

First, thank you for your book "Journeys Out of the Body" your book and one other "Yram" are the only two books I've ever read on the subject of out of the body experience.

My name is Gerard Richard Sands. I was born in San Francisco in 1936. My parents were nice people & feel and as most people must have had all the dreams and hopes for the good life - my mother left when I was only two years old and my father was induced to put me into foster homes till I was seven years old - at that time he remarried and brought me into his life. We lived together three years and for what ever reason he was unable to keep his head together and his marriage broke apart and I was again into some very trying times - about this time (1948-1949) I had a dream that was very intense, to wit,

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a basket ball game is in progress, I'm on the side lines watching and a large boy about 15 or so dribbling down court. He shoots at the basket and the ball ketches between the hoop and the backboard. He runs and climbs up one of the poles and reaches for the ball to

knock it down which he does - at the same time his hand holding on to the ball slips and since he has his legs raped around the pole they are all that hold him ~~on the~~ from falling.

I'm watching as he falls backwards, he falls - I wake up -

Now here goes - about six months later I'm a run-away and after two days or so the police pick me up and send me to the San Francisco Juvinel hall - my first morning we are all allowed out into the rec-yard and after a little while some of the older kids are choosing sides for a basketball game, I'm standing by hoping some one will pick me to be on one of the teams - no such, I'm either to short - or to young.

The game starts, teams running up and down the court - "Its hard to express what happens in my head but all of a sudden I'm overcome with a re-in actment of the dream - I'm having the dream and at the same time I'm standing out in the sun shine - and know one of these people is about to climb a pole in a few moments -

Then, I see this big guy with black hair and he's got the ball and he's the one - he's half way down the court and dribbling like mad and I know he's the one.

Im running after him shouting for him to not do it - Heck, no one is going to hear me or even notice me but Im really alive now and start running after him - the ball goes up and Stacks just like in the dream.

He starts climbing the left side pole and reaches out and hits the ball away from the backboard and the hoop - the ball falls away and his left hand slips off the pole and only his legs are holding him up. He falls backward and Im looking at him and scuttling between people as he slips away from the pole his legs no longer holding on. When I caught him he was upside down, head down feet up - me with my arms out to hold him, we hit the ground together me underneith - No scratches, no hurt at all for him - As we got up he turned to me and with anger shoved me away and called me a S.O.B. for being in his way.

I felt like I wanted to cry because for me it was like evidence of more than a simply act in the physical - I mean - I was just a little boy who had been part of a time dilation or what ever you call it and neither he or any one else at that moment could have cared less - the rest of the day [illegible] to me - I knew every thing

that was going to happen - I mean that at 10:00 AM I already had a pure picture of what was going to at 10:00 PM that evening.

I never really had that kind of experience again - but from then on I have always known that we live in a very different world and space then the average person - and that some how die held myself apart from simple and easy answers to strong and different situations

Possibly because of that situation and others I became estranged from society's system of orthodox attitudes in that I became a rebel - developed into a bandit - and walked for years the road of crime and rebelion. And even as I wrecked havic on myself I felt a sad and tearful state with in about the world I saw about me - you must know what I mean - the sound of your heart is in your story and your sensitive feeling about man's blind ways I fear -

As time went on to support my mental ~~set~~ set I built a picture of my self as being very special. Even at times assumed I must be mentaly and spiritual better and different then regular people. time and age have changed all that - but even as I grew and matured the feeling that

I was diffrent continually crawled in on me -

During the 1960 tees I had my first out of the body experience - had gotten ahold of some cleaning fluid and was doing a bit of sniffing as some people I knew did who introduced it to me - one nite I went to bed with a rage soked with "carpintete", after sniffing the stuff some time I must have blanked out - because between sniffing and a blank space found my self hovering over my bed - at first I was disoriented, didn't know what was happening - I was at the ceiling level, could see through the walls, could see lite beams playing over what ever I looked at - realized I could see in 380° real diffrent, wasn't afraid but very interested in this situation, I could see through the floor into the floor below and into the earth under that floor - saw my body and a brilliant cord from about my eye view to the chest area of my body - I noticed right away that the normal view that we have with our eyes was distorted, looking from the me at ceiling level to my body was like looking down a square ~~to~~ hole - my thing seemed stretched some what - when I realized I really was out of my body - I became

continued & killed myself and was maybe going to hell - or what ever - wasn't really so fearful of hell as of not having learned enough in this life and now - slam, bang, & that down into my body so hard it was like a very loud bang - was sure someone would have heard the explosion -

At 46 years of age & feel that my mental space is balanced except for a continual state of fear for our earth - What really caught me in your book was your discription of many ships in the skies - in one of your out of the body trips -

Three times & have had that kind of experience - one so vivid and colorful & never rid it from my everyday life -

It's nite time and many people are around and looking up at the starry sky - and in the nite sky are huge and lite ships / the scene is one of earth fighter planes, the newest and best man has - and from all nation's.

They are no match for these ships that with ease blow our ships apart -

they are space ships that disgorge smaller fighters. It seems that the space ships are covering the earth - & mean everywhere - when as & write this & have a premonition that some time in the future they

Will be here - and whats really a shame is that our defence system can in no way help -

Its the distinct feeling that they have always been here - that man is being held in the condition we are in for some purpose - I am not by nature a paranoia. I am not afraid of my ~~fellow~~ fellow man and do not have any fixations about some large man type conspiracy - Yet feel that in this dimension or another are entities that reek danger for the family of man -

I do read S.F. alot and before his death had some small contact with Philip K Dick a writer who in his work expressed some ideas that I've experienced - like the idea of God or something talking ~~to~~ to me -

Years ago while still the angry young man I got into a situation where I pulled a bad one and after wheed when everything was alright I was walking along a street in San Francisco - at nite - and out of the blue - a very loud voice spoke to me - using my name and told me, that was my last chance, I mean from no where this voice tells me, if ever I do again what I had just about done - its all over for me -

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since that time I've been as good as life allows - have a good marriage and a decent life style -

My wife and I are interested in and active about the spiritual reality but without the pit trip. I believe in a guiding system - and hope to advance in life and after.

Thank you for your gift (your story)

You know Robert,

when we die we needed a thing or for a situation to come about - with patience it always shows up -

I wish to become involved with your organization if possible - even as a guinny pig - What ever -

My wife and I send our sincere affection to you and to yours -

thank you -

[redacted]

San Rafael, Ca
94901

P.S. In the O.O.B.E. have you been to the water world - or to the Shasta area - ?